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ENTERTAINMENT

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THOMAS SCHNURMACHER

Liz's mission is a big secret

Elizabeth Taylor was in town yesterday on a secret mission. A thorough check of airlines, hotels and film companies proved to be futile. I called **Robert Lantos** of R.S.L. Films and asked: Is Elizabeth Taylor in town to see you?

"Elizabeth who?" asked Lantos.

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The long-distance phone lines are hopping between the Laurentians, New York and Los Angeles. Promoters are currently discussing plans for a huge outdoor rock festival to take place in July in the St. Sauveur area. More details as they become available.

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR
She was in town

A Montreal radio personality was rather surprised when the Galitheque disco in St. Jerome gave him a real live goat — and he isn't even a Capricorn. Not knowing what to do with it in a downtown apartment, the deejay gave the goat away to **Roger Sylvain** of *Echos-Vedettes* magazine.

Speaking of animals, watch for a few cute little charming lions no relation to Alouette to make an Easter appearance at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Whatever happened to the Easter bunny?

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The Gallery Weissman and Galerie I of Concordia University will be having an exhibition of paintings and gouaches by celebrated artists from across Canada. According to a release they sent me, the exhibition will take place from Aug. 10 until April 29. That is either a typographical error or one LONG exhibition.

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A soon-to-be-opened club on Mountain St. located on the site of a former Vietnamese restaurant is looking for 25 sophisticated and amusing college students aged 21 and over to form the staff of the club.

The successful candidates will be clothed by A.T. and Company and outfitted by La Coupe. The job interviews will take place April 16 and April 17 between the hours of 5 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Speaking of cattle calls, L'Opera de Montreal is holding auditions for places in the chorus on Saturday, April 12 in rehearsal stall "D" of Place des Arts. Interested singers should contact **Jacqueline Benoit** at 842-2141, local 381.

Candidates will be asked to perform two pieces of their choice accompanied by their own pianist. Place des Arts will supply the piano.

PIERRE LAURIN
Singing with his brother

You might as well land a job in the chorus, season tickets for three operas will cost anywhere from $30 to $75 depending on where you sit. By the way if you are more interested in acoustics than you are in being "seen," the seats in the corbeille and the balcony are the best.

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If you want to be truly chic in Sherbrooke, ask for a "poutine" which is French fries served with melted cheese and "beaucoup d'sauce." The best places at the moment are La Wellington and Louis Ianconette.

The hot new restaurant in the Caribbean is located in St. Martin's. It's called La Semana and it only has 100 rooms. You need connections to get a reservation for this heavenly hideaway where food is flown in daily from Paris.

If you're in the mood to hear **Camille Laurin** and his brother **Pierre Laurin** singing, tune in to the April 6 edition of CTV's *W5*. The brothers Laurin will be belting out the song *Plaisir d'Amour*.

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Are you interested in a course on long-distance bicycle riding and repair? John Abbot College is offering just such a course taught by **Glenn Ruiter**. Ruiter should know all about it. He bicycled through the Gaspe, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia's Cabot Trail last summer. Ruiter says: "The reason that you chew gum when you ride a bike is so that you can fix your flat tire."

The college does offer serious courses like vegetable gardening and bee-keeping.

The latest word from Paris is that the **Yves St. Laurent** collection has been offered to **Lily Simon** in Montreal.

• *Thomas Schnurmacher can be heard daily at 8:45 a.m. on CJAD.*

YOU BE THE CRITIC
The column where readers have their say

The Gazette welcomes your letters on all aspects of the world of entertainment — and any comments on our critics. Send them to: You Be The Critic, Entertainment Dept., The Gazette, P.O. Box 6046, Montreal.

Anne Murray takes 4 Junos

France Joli is the 'most promising'

By JUAN RODRIGUEZ
of The Gazette

Anne Murray won four Juno awards last night, as the Canadian recording industry honored its own.

She captured the best female and country vocalist awards, as well as best album (*New Kind of Feeling*) and single (*I Just Fell In Love Again*). Murray has dominated the Junos over the past decade, often when she was the only legitimate superstar in the country.

Because her father died last week, Murray was not able to accept her awards in person.

Burton Cummings, who hosted the awards ceremony televised on the CBC network, won best male vocalist honors, although nominee Neil Young was the critical and public choice in the U.S.

In a storybook setting, Cummings received his award from the Canadian ambassador to Iran, Ken Taylor, who received a standing ovation from the audience at the Harbour Castle Hotel in Toronto for his efforts in smuggling out Americans in Iran.

"I'm still knocked out by that fellow over there," Cummings said, referring to Taylor.

"It's tremendous to see the growth of an industry in a country that's growing more powerful all the time."

The biggest shock of the evening came as Trooper was named group of the year, even though Rush, the Toronto trio, far out-sold the other four nominees combined.

Rush is currently in the American top 10 sales list with the album *Hemispheres*.

Montreal artists captured two of the three "most promising" awards.

France Joli, whose *Come to Me* was one of the biggest disco-pop hits in America last year, was no surprise as winner of the female category. The 17-year-old singer opened the show with a rendering of her hit and set the tone for the awards ceremonies. "Come to me when there's nobody else around."

ANNE MURRAY
A big winner

MURRAY McLAUCHLAN
Country vocalist prize

FRANCE JOLI
On her way up

BURTON CUMMINGS
Top male vocalist

The big surprise was Walter Rossi capturing most promising male vocalist honors. Rossi, who has performed with numerous bands in the U.S. and Canada over a dozen years, is primarily known as a guitarist, one of the toughest there is.

However, after slugging away for so many years, Rossi will doubtless accept whatever honor he can get.

The most promising group was the Saskatchewan outfit, Streetheart, whose version of the Rolling Stones' classic *Under My Thumb* was a hit on the airwaves and in discos.

Two "crossover" artists, appealing to both regional and mass audiences, won top country awards: Anne Murray and Murray McLaughlin. Top country band was the Good Brothers.

The top selling international group in Canada was awarded to Supertramp, whose *Breakfast in America* sold more copies per capita in this country than anywhere else in the world. John Hellewell, the British group's reed player, accepted for the group, the first time an international act has actually acknowledged the Juno awards.

Referring to Supertramp's long-standing popularity in Quebec, Hellewell closed off his acceptence with a merci beaucoup.

Frank Mills, the easy-listening pianist who has kicked around in and out of Montreal for 10 years, won two awards for instrumental artist and composer.

The awards voters, made up of members of the Canadian Record Manufacturers Association, showed some spine by awarding Ed Bickert and Don Thompson best jazz recording honors over perennial winner Oscar Peterson.

The awards ceremonies were flashier than ever, more along the lines of the American Grammies, even though a typically Canadian self-deprecating humor seeped through occasionally.

Ladies and gentlemen, Cummings said solemnly, "the Canadian 45 rpm has just gone down to 37 U.S."

Satellites to alter television service

WASHINGTON — (UPI) — Within 10 years, a satellite could be beaming *Charlie's Angels* down from the heavens and directly into your living room, says a special group studying the television industry.

Whatever the outcome of the policy decisions made in America respecting broadcast satellites, millions of people throughout the world will likely be receiving substantial television service directly from satellite transmitters within a decade," according to the Television Network Inquiry Special Staff.

In a 273-page report released Tuesday, the staff concluded that if satellite-to-home transmission becomes a reality, it could possibly spawn a whole new generation of television networks.

If satellite licences were granted to only one group in each region of the world, "it is quite likely that networks analogous to the existing networks (but with far fewer affiliates) would be formed," the report said.

"Indeed, it is possible that the creation of several new national networks, operating on DBS (direct broadcast system) channels, could so alter the competitive situation of existing networks, affiliates and program suppliers, that the (Federal Communications) commission might regard as no longer necessary such rules as the prime time access rule," the report added.

The staff originally was set up by the FCC to conduct the first comprehensive investigation of the television industry in more than 20 years.

Its mission was to determine if the major commercial networks have been engaging in anti-competitive practices or meddling with the independent judgments of their affiliates.

The staff's latest report deals with satellite technology, how far it has advanced and what the effect will be on the television industry.

The staff found it won't be long before high-powered satellites can bounce television programs down to small, low-cost antennas in homes around the globe.

"The extensive use of broadcast satellites already in place clearly reveals that a satisfactory, workable technology already exists," the staff concluded.

A LOOK AT SHOWS AROUND TOWN

Mongo salsa gets Rising Sun to jump

By JUAN RODRIGUEZ
of The Gazette

Long before "salsa" music had a big following, Mongo Santamaria was virtually a one-man crusade for that exciting blend of African and Cuban forms.

Now Santamaria comes to town regularly — at "home" this week at the Rising Sun — and is feted as a hero by trendies and jazz connoisseurs alike.

It's inaccurate to say the master conga player has not changed because of the recognition.

While his technique remains inimitably effortless — he elicits a fascinating panoply of rhythms with just the flick or pat of his hands — his hand is more robust than ever. The arrangements are bold, sassy, reflecting Santamaria's obvious delight at hard-won recognition.

The 54-year-old Cuban percussionist lights the flame that propels a driving rhythm section and a three-piece horn section that plays exciting colorful arrangements that make much "jazz-rock" charts seem anemic in comparison.

It's certainly a far cry from the time Santamaria arrived in the U.S. in the mid-1950s when Afro-Cuban rhythms were regarded as little more than an oddity by so-called jazz purists. And, although he wrote the big hit *Watermelon Man* in 1962, it was pianist Herbie Hancock who received the acclaim.

Today, things obviously have changed.

Apart from "salsa" — the Latin term for these types of rhythms — being the numero uno call music of the day, Afro-Cuban rhythms are a part of all types of musical settings.

Santamaria, who started in the biggest Latin concert ever at Yankee Stadium in 1973, is now the patron saint of a music that has spawned other heroes, such as Eddie Palmieri.

MONGO SANTAMARIA
King of salsa

He's received recognition from the record ing industry at large by winning a Grammy award a couple of years back and he has received a hero's welcome in Cuba.

All this is enough to make a man tap out a happy rhythm. And nobody does it better. He's making the Rising Sun jump this week.

Theatre experiment well worth the effort

PARCE-QUE C'EST LA NUIT, conceived and performed by Chantal Beaupré, Marita Bolos, Louise Laprade and Nicole Lecavalier, with the assistance of Leo Munger and costumes by Marie Christiane Mathieu. At Theatre Experimental des Femmes.

By MAUREEN PETERSON
of The Gazette

It is part of any growth process — in science as well as art — that experiments be brought before a critical public to be evaluated. Nothing can flourish in a vacuum and it is in this spirit that one must regard the work of the laboratories of art.

The piece currently being performed at the Theatre Experimental des Femmes is worthy of examination firstly because of the predilections of the performers. They are four disciplined actresses who have invested enormous energy in their work, and their evident honesty is encouraging for those who believe theatre has not yet exhausted its creative possibilities.

There is also a felt complicity among the performers which is satisfying in itself.

No escapism

But if you're looking for a quiet escapist night, forget it.

As we walk into the theatre we are sensorially thumped with a disco beat. Music for the lobotomized. The lyrics are significant for their vulgar eroticism and their blatant consumer sexuality, but it is the volume that offends most. Happily the music is only used to create a mood. We file out of the theatre to a pleasant hum of early Joni Mitchell.

The work is subtitled *Beginning with Adolescence* and the four performers convince us that they are girls just entering puberty. The subject matter is the trauma of this period in a woman's life, beginning with the mystery of menstruation.

The first problem with the piece is that we get the feeling adolescence is a female phenomenon, that little boys are not subject to the same trauma. It is a problem found in most women's theatre, as if the creators believed Doris Lessing's humorous suggestion that women arrived on earth from another planet and are truly a different species from men.

This approach does not rectify the supposed errors of an establishment theatre intrinsically dominated by male mythologies, which is the assumed justification for women's theatre. Rather it produces yet another theatre of alienation.

Powerful moments

But the work does have some powerful, indeed awesome, moments. We are all, whether we realize it or not, being constantly bombarded with images. But I have never seen the destructive effect of this process more forcefully communicated than a scene in which one of the actresses becomes aware of her own body while being assaulted with magazines that fall to the ground only to stare accusingly back at her.

Aside from its isolationist tendency, the single glaring flaw of the work is the hysterical pitch of several climaxes and the shrieking and pounding that adds nothing to the message. It may be cathartic for the performers, but that is a process which should remain in the laboratory.

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